

Taber Free Press

VOL. H., NO. 25

TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908

\$1.50 YEARLY

Drs. Lang & Leech

Physicians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs
Consultations: 9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8
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R. P. Wallace, B.C.L.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
Solicitor for the Eastern Townships
Bank Loans and Insurance

Dr. William Norwood

DENTIST
Graduate of Chicago College of
Dental Surgery
OFFICE: Alberta Drug & Stationery Store

Doric Lodge, No. 31

A.F. & A.M. G.R.A.

Meets Tuesday on
or before the full
moon in the Masonic
Hall, Main Street.
Visiting brethren
cordially welcome.

J. T. STEPHENSON, W.M.
A. P. VEALE, Sec'y.



TABER LODGE

No. 35

Meets every Thursday Evening in
Douglas Block, Main St., at 8 o'clock.
Visiting Brethren always welcome.

H. P. MCNEIL, N.G.
T. BULLOCK, R.S.

W. BRUSH GRUBB

Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident
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REAL ESTATE

McLellan & McIntyre

GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

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Satisfaction Guaranteed

Shop Opposite Reliance Trading Co.

TABER

FLOUR & FEED

STORE

TRY LETHBRIDGE NEW MILL

UNION MADE FLOUR

South Side of Track, opp. Depot

Public Scales in connection

BERT SUTTON

PROPRIETOR

The following

NOTICE

has just been received

SHIELLS

FROSTBURY, ARCTIC CIRCLE.

The beginning of an exceptionally

long term of terribly severe weather

just left here and will arrive in your

district about Dec. 1st. Would

earnestly advise all residents of

Taber to get busy at once and have

a furnace installed in their homes,

and so be prepared for his howling,

air-curling, blinding avalanche of

severities which is now hurrying to-

wards them.

Yours truly,

W. INTER.

SHIELLS

ELL TOVE

and

Furnaces

The Escape Was Wonderful

Fortunate That Only a Small
Gang was Working in Coal
Creek

Three Are Dead

Fernie, B.C., August 1st.—Of the
24 men entombed in No. 2 mine,
Coal Creek, 20 were rescued at three
o'clock yesterday afternoon, having
been imprisoned for seven hours.

At eight o'clock last night Phil
Caldwell was discovered and brought
to the surface unconscious; he is
now in hospital hovering between life
and death from the serious in-
juries he received.

The body of David Powell was
found at midnight with back and
neck broken, death being instan-
taneous.

The dead body of Harry Beaver
can be seen under a heavy mass of
debris and the rescue party expect
to reach him by noon. One more
miner, named Bert Hitchcock, is
still missing and all hope of finding
him alive has been abandoned.

ESCAPE WAS MIRACULOUS.

The escape of so many of the men
is miraculous, as the bump was the
most disastrous that has ever oc-
curred in the mines here. Fortu-
nately very few were working in the
mine at the time or the loss of life
might have been appalling.

Following are some of the men
who were rescued: John Waddego,
John Hodson, Arthur Hosen, Walter
Hearn, L. B. Hanson, Philip Cald-
well, Robert Nicholson, Archie Mc-
Master, G. Booth, Joseph Radford,
Wm. Lawrence, John Williams, Wm.
Monckton, John Taylor, Dan Brisco,
Peter Atkinson, W. R. McQuarrie,
James Blackmore, John Dunn and
Victor Costa.

Louis Reil's Son Dead

Last of Immediate Family of
Metis Leader Succumbed
Yesterday

The last of the immediate family
of Louis Reil, the famous rebel
leader who helped to make history
in 1870 and 1885 in the Canadian
Northwest, when he with numbers of
half-breeds and Indians stood out

The Difference

He stood beside the altar,
And his face was grave and sad;
She stood beside the altar
With a smile both sweet and glad.

But why this awful difference
Between the man and maid?
HER clothes were made to order,
While HIS were ready-made.

NO NEED OF THE DIFFERENCE

WITH YOU

When We Make To Order

FROM \$16.50 UP

A. Potter & Co

Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters
TO MEN WHO KNOW

for months against the volunteers
until he was finally taken prisoner
after the battle of Batoche and exe-
cuted summarily in Regina in the
fall of 1885, passed out at one o'clock
Friday, when his only remaining son,
Jean Louis Reil, died at St. Boniface
Hospital of a complication of diseases.

Jean Louis Reil was born in Mon-
tana 36 years ago during his father's
residence there following the first
rebellion. He was well educated
and finally took up the profession of
a civil engineer. A few months ago
he went to Quebec, where he was
married to Mlle. Laura Cazeau, a
sweetheart of his youth, and the
couple had just come to Winnipeg to
take up life together.

Young Reil was working at his
profession on the new line of the
Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad when
he was taken ill, following a severe
cold. The cold developed into com-
plicated illness, and although Dr.
McKenty, who attended him, did all
that was possible, the young man
passed away at noon Friday in the
presence of his bride and his uncle, a
brother of his famous father.

The remains of the late Jean
Louis Reil were removed from Clark
Bros. undertaking rooms to St.
Vital, from where interment took
place Monday morning to the St.
Boniface Cemetery.

Will Fight To a Finish

Against Standard Oil

So Says Prosecuting Attorney

Technical Mistakes Will Be
Rectified

Lennox, Mass.—Admitting there
had been glaring mistakes made in
the former trial, but determined to
rectify them, the Chicago members
of the conference, called by Attorney-
General Bonaparte, left here for home
this afternoon with instructions to
begin a fight all along the line
against the Standard Oil Trust.

"It will now be a fight to a finish,"
said United States Attorney Sims of
Chicago. "We made mistakes—
glaring ones—in the other trial, but
now we are at work in earnest. No-
thing will go wrong this time, you
may be sure of that. I cannot tell
you what our first action will be. It
is for Mr. Bonaparte to make that
public."

Cutting Lumber Prices

Mountain Mills Refuse To Be
Bound By Agreement

A despatch from Vancouver, B.C.,
says: "The announcement of the
mountain mills that they would be
bound by any agreement as to prices
is being followed by cutting of prices
in the prairie sections by coast lum-
bermen. Cuts are being made of
from \$22 to \$16 on the prairies, and
with a likelihood of further reduc-
tions."

A once handsome collie dog—
owned by Mr. John A. Osborn, a
New York banker—is, says the New
York Herald, deliberately starving
itself from humiliation over the loss
of its beautiful tail, which had to be
amputated after being caught in a
launch-propeller. The dog, though
quite well, steadily refuses food.

Raw Sugar From Germany

Six carloads of raw sugar arrived
at Lethbridge from Germany for the
Knight Sugar Co. of Raymond.

There are fifteen hundred sacks of
sugar in the shipment. The com-
pany is importing the raw sugar for
refining, and if the experiment is a
success will continue to import so as
to keep their factory running all the
year round and provide sugar to meet
the increasing demand for their pro-
duct.—Herald.

Donates Wolfe's Chair

It is announced that H.R.H. the
Prince of Wales has given his ex-
cellency the governor-general, for
presentation to the people of Canada,
a chair which belonged to General
Wolfe. His excellency proposes to
have the chair placed in the archives
building, Ottawa, for the present.
The following information about the
chair will be received with interest.
It is an extract from a letter dated
March 25th, 1908, addressed to the
controller of the Prince of Wales' household by C. E. Boothby of No. 1,
Palmer Square, Brighton, and
brother-in-law to Lord Suffield:

"A curious old chair is now in my
possession, the history of which is
that it was given by the late General
Wemyss, who was equerry to Queen
Victoria some time in the forties, to
Mr. Anson, who was keeper of the
privy purse, in 1849. It was stated
to have belonged to General Wolfe
and was used by him in his campaign
in Canada, where he died on the
field of battle in 1759."

Mr. Boothby placed the chair at
the disposal of His Royal Highness
the Prince of Wales.

Murdered Brother

Celestial at Blairmore Uses
Revolver With Fatal Effect

Frank, Alta., July 31st. A quarrel
took place at Blairmore, two miles
from Frank, in a Chinese laundry
between two brothers, Sing Lee by
name. While one was eating his
meal the other procured a heavy
calibre six-shooter and fired six times
at his victim, killing him instantly.
He reloaded and fired at him again,
then dropped the revolver by his side
and sat down on a chair and waited
for Sgt. Haslett of the R.N.W.M.P.,
who was telephoned for. He hand-
cuffed the murderer and conveyed
him to the Frank Barracks, where
he locked him up. Coroner Disney
of Coleman was summoned and will
hold an inquest to-morrow.

Church Services

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter
Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a.m.
every Sunday. Sacrament meet-
ing at 2 p.m. Sunday evening ser-
vice at 8 p.m.—Young Ladies'
Mutual Improvement Association;
every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary
Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.
Knox Church—Morning service at
11 a.m., followed by Sunday School
and Bible Class. Evening service,
7.30. Wednesday Congregational
Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.

Are You From Missouri?

Let us show you how Easy it is
to Take Pictures with

EASTMAN KODAKS

ANYBODY CAN KODAK

Catalogue Prices. Fresh stock of supplies always on hand

The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co.

BRICK STORE : : HOUGH STREET

Eastern Townships Bank.

CAPITAL, \$3,000,000

RESERVE, \$1,600,000

57 branches and agencies in Canada, 48 years in operation

General Banking Business Conducted

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

Drafts Sold in all parts of the World

Money orders payable in any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted) United
States, England, Scotland, at following rates
\$5 and under, 03 \$10 to \$30, 10c
\$5 to \$10, 06 \$30 to \$50, 15c

Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method

Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager

"The Pioneer Merchants"

To clear the balance of our Summer Goods, rather than carry
them over, we are offering the following Very Special Prices:—

MEN'S SUMMER HATS

REGULAR 85c. to \$1.50 YOUR CHOICE ... 75c.

DRESS GINGHAMS 15c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.

DRESS MUSLINS 15c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.

DRESS PRINTS 12½c. YOUR CHOICE ... 10c.

The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.

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ERVINE & TODD

E. C. JONES

Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign-
Writer. Estimates free

Agent for the famous Best Vapor
Gas Light Co.

E. N. Harding Co.

Harness, saddles, whips, robes,
blankets and everything for your
horse. Special attention given
to orders of all kinds

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LAP ROBES & SUMMER BUSTERS
JUST ARRIVED.

Notice to the Public

The undersigned builders and con-
tractors are prepared to furnish plans
and specifications for buildings of all
kinds and sizes. Address them at
the Taber Hotel.

McKellar & Wildman

Builders and Contractors

A Rock in The Baltic.

By ROBERT BARR.

Author of "The Triumph of Eugene Valentin," "Tells," "The Maid of Alameda," "The Vision," etc.

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(Continued.)

The prince nodded carelessly, as if he believed, and offered his open cigarette case to the captain, who shook his head.

"I smoke a pipe," he growled. The captain rose with a lighted pipe, and together they went up on deck again. The prince saw nothing more of the tall sentinel who had been his guard the night before, without asking permission to look it for granted that his movements, now they were in the open sea, were unrestricted, therefore he walked up and down the deck among the cigarettes. At the stroke of a bell the captain mounted the bridge and the mate came down.

Suddenly out of the thickened air loomed up a great black British freighter making for St. Petersburg, as the prince supposed. The two steamers, big and little, were so close that the little was compelled to sheer off a bit. Then



"I've got it at last!"

the captain turned on the bridge and seemed for a moment uncertain what to do with his prisoner. A number of men were leaning over the bulwarks of the British ship, and it would have been quite possible for the person on one boat to give a message to those on the other. The prince, understanding the captain's quandary, looked up at him and smiled, but made no attempt to take advantage of his predicament. Some one on board the English ship shouted and flattered a handkerchief, whereupon the prince waved his cigarette in the air, and the big boat disappeared in the thickness of the east.

Lermontoff walked the deck, thinking very seriously about his situation and wondering where they intended to take him. If he had been in a prison, it must be in some place, where the fortress there were already filled with dissatisfied inhabitants of that disaffected land. His first impression had been that banishment was intended, and he had expected to be landed at some Swedish or German port, but a chance remark made by the captain at breakfast inclined him to believe that there were other orders on board not quite so favorably treated as himself. But why should he be sent out of Russia proper, even removed from St. Petersburg, if he was well aware, suffered from no lack of jails? The continued voyage of the steamer through the open sea again aroused the hope that Stockholm was the objective point. If they landed him there, it merely meant a little temporary inconvenience, and once ashore, he hoped to concoct a telegram so apparently innocent that it would win through to his friend and give Drummond at least the knowledge of his abiding place. The thought of Drummond aroused all his old fear that the Englishman was the real victim, and this enforced voyage was merely a convenient method of getting himself out of the way.

After lunch a dismal drizzle set in that presently increased to a steady downpour, which drove Lermontoff to his cabin, and that room being unprovided with either window or skylight, the prince struck a match to one of the candles newly placed on the washstand. He pushed the electric button summoning the steward, and giving him some money, asked if there was such a thing as a piece of stone on board, carried ashore for any other purpose. The steward said he would inquire and finally returned with a sharpening stone used for the knives in the galley. Lermontoff began an experiment and at once forgot he was a prisoner. He filled the wash basin with water and, opening one of the drawers, took out the stone, and with the point of his knife a most minute portion of the substance within, which he dissolved in the water with no apparent effect. Standing the washstone up on end, he filled the glass cylinder and directed a fine, vaporous spray against the stone. It dissolved before his eyes as a sandcastle on the shore dissolves at the touch of an incoming tide.

"By St. Peter," Lermontoff cried, "I've got it at last! I must write to Katherine about this."

Summoning the steward again to

take away his urn and bring him another pailful of fresh water, Lermontoff endeavored to extract some information from the deferential young man.

"Have you ever been in Stockholm?" "No, excellency," was the answer. "Or in any of the German ports?" "No, excellency."

"Do you know where we are making for now?" "No, excellency."

"Now when we shall reach our destination?" "No, excellency."

"You have some prisoners aboard?" "Three drunken sailors, excellency."

"Yes, that's what the captain said. But if it meant death for a sailor to be drunk the commerce of the world would speedily stop."

"This is a government steamer, excellency, and if a sailor here disobeys orders he is guilty of mutiny. On a merchant vessel they would merely put him in irons."

"I see. Now, do you want to earn a few good pieces?"

"Excellency has been very generous to me already," was the unconcerned reply of the steward, whose eyes nevertheless twinkled at the mention of gold.

"Well, here's enough to make a fiddle in your pocket, and here are two letters which you are to try to get delivered when you return to St. Petersburg."

"Yes, excellency."

"You will do your best?"

"Now, if you succeed I'll make your fortune when I'm released."

"Thank you, excellency."

That night at dinner the captain opened a bottle of vodka and conversed gaily on many topics without touching upon the particular subject of liberty. He parried every question of the prince, and to Lermontoff's disappointment, it did not in the least loosen his tongue, and thus, still ignorant of his fate, the prince turned in for the second night aboard the steamer.

When he awoke next morning he found the engines had stopped, and as the vessel was motionless, surmised it had reached harbor. He heard the faintest chuck-chuck of a pony engine and the screech of an imperfectly oiled crane and guessed that cargo was being put ashore.

"Now," he said to himself, "if my former sentinel is at the door they are about to take me to prison. If he is absent, I plan to set free."

He jumped up, threw back the bolt, opened the door. There was no one there. In a very few minutes he was on deck and found that the steamer was lying in the cove of a huge rock, which reminded him of Mont St. Michel in Normandy, except that it was almost as high and three times as long, and that there were no buildings of any kind upon it, nor, indeed, the least sign of human habitation.

The morning was fine. In the east the sun had just risen and was flooding the grim rock with a rosy light. Except this rock no trace of land was visible as far as the eye could see. Alongside the steamer was moored a sailing boat with two masts, but providing also with whole pine and spruce for rowing. The sails were furled, and she had evidently been brought to the steamer's side by means of the crane. Into this craft the crew were lowering boxes, bags and whatnot, which three or four men were stowing away. The mate was superintending this transshipment, and the captain, standing with his back against the deckhouse, was handing one by one certain packages which Lermontoff took to be bills of lading, to a young man who signed in a book for each he received. When this transaction was completed, the young man saluted the captain and descended over the ship's side of the sailboat.

"Good morning, captain. At anchor, I see," said Lermontoff.

"No, not at anchor. Merely lying here. The sea is too deep and affords no anchorage for this vessel."

"Where are all these goods going?"

The captain nodded his head at the rock, and Lermontoff gazed at it again, running his eyes from top to bottom without seeing any vestige of civilization.

"Then you lie to the lee of this rock, and the small boat takes the supplies ashore?"

"Exactly," said the captain.

"The settlement, I take it, is on the other side. What is it—a lighthouse?"

"There's no lighthouse," said the captain.

"Sort of coastguard, then?"

"Yes, in a way. They keep a look-out. And now, highness, I see you

"Then I must say farewell to you here."

"What you are not going to maroon me on this pebble in the ocean?"

"You will be well taken care of, highness."

"What place is this?"

"It is called the Tromsøorden, highness, and the water surrounding it is the Baltic."

"Is it Russian territory?"

"Very Russian," returned the captain, drawing a deep breath. "If you are a Russian, please, there is a rope ladder, which is sometimes a little unsteady for a landsman, so be careful."

"Oh, I'm accustomed to rope ladders," Lermontoff replied.

"And with this mutual goodbye in Finnish the prince went down to the swaying ladder."

(To be Continued.)

THE BRAIN OF GENIUS.

Preponderance of Weight Theory Is No Longer Accepted.

The old theory that weight of brain denoted the power of the intellect has long since been discarded. Brains have been demonstrated conclusively that many celebrated men possessed brains having a lesser weight than that of ordinary mortals or even of idiots. The brilliant Gamblets had a brain which did not equal in weight that of the average child, while the brains of Agassiz, Byron, Daniel Webster, Napoleon and other great men did not exceed in weight that of the ordinary commonplace man. A curious fact was that, heavy as it was, the brain of Napoleon, the Russian novelists, was greatly exceeded in weight by that of an ignorant laboring man. All of which goes to prove that a heavy brain is no criterion of a person's intellectual ability, nor does a light brain denote inferior mental capacity. Scientists advocated the theory that the colder the climate the larger the brain, and this theory in some very interesting studies has demonstrated that there is no constant relation between body weight and brain weight, and that the weight of the brain is greater between the ages of twenty and sixty than between sixty and eighty. In estimating the mental capacity of a brain it is necessary to consider qualitative conditions and morphologic superiority as well as in preference to the weight of the organ.

A most remarkable suggestion, recently made by Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, is well worthy of careful study and development. In a recent address before the American Philosophical society he stated that his observations go to show that men of great intellect and military trend are born when their fathers are between twenty and thirty years of age, and that the intellect of thirty and forty the son is likely to be given to the arts or literature, between forty and fifty he is apt to become a great scholar, and between fifty and sixty he is likely to become a great statesman.

A Judge Among the Head Hunters. There is only one judge in the British empire who may be said to carry his life in his hands when he goes on circuit. This is Judge Murray of British New Guinea.

Judge Murray has been bold enough to go to Gaurabari, a notorious center of cannibals and head hunters, where the Rev. Dr. Chalmers and the Rev. D. F. Tomkins of the London Missionary society were killed and eaten seven years ago. His principal object was to recover the skulls of the two murdered missionaries, and he was successful. His arrest of the cannibals was a feat of great excitement, but Judge Murray pacified them with a conciliatory speech and a distribution of presents. It is reported that when he saw cooked human flesh and canoes full of skulls—London Tit-Bits.

Names With Old Indian Ring. Among the names of the graduates of the Caribbe Indian school are still to be found some that are suggestive and picturesque. Although the majority are apparently Anglicized, there are a few like Sade American Horse, Lavina Cornish, Theodore Owl, Mary Wolf, Henry Knockoff-Two, and Morgan Crowsfoot, which have the old Indian ring to them.—Oil City Blitzard.

The Utility of Children. Evidence has been given by the police that children are frequently hired in order that they may be taken out with organs, that the usual rate of payment for them is sixpence a day and that they have practically supplied "monkey" for the purpose.—London Lancet.

Airships in War. Hudson Maxim contends that the use of airships in war does not hold forth any terrifying prospects. The dropping of dynamite from such vessels, he says, might cause some superficial destruction, but it must penetrate and explode inside the ships and earthworks to do really great damage. He works to do really great damage. He works to do really great damage.

A four inch deck of a battleship might kill some men, speak of the superstructure of the vessel and dent the deck, but the destruction would not be extensive. Nor would the dropping of bombs from coast fortifications cause serious damage, the action of dynamite being such that the blast, if the air in the form of an inverted cone so that the effect is a horizontal plane would be small.

THE EXCLUSIVE SEX.

The Sisterhood of Women Will Lag Behind the Millennium.

"Women," observes the Rev. W. A. Bartlett of Chicago, "are more exclusive than men. They form clubs and gaze askance at the newcomer who does not belong to their set."

All of which is true. And the Chicks-to-die might have added the additional truth that women are also narrower than men, less generous toward outsiders, more jealous and more prone to view strangers with suspicion.

It is the exceptional woman who will take a stranger on trust and think no evil.

The brotherhood of man may some day be realized, but the sisterhood of woman will lag behind the millennium. Women are not wholly to blame for their petty child's play of belonging to a special circle and looking down on the rest of creation. Centuries of ignorance and false standards of life are welded into this baneful called "exclusiveness."

It is fostered by silly pride and bolstered up by empty heads, and finally becomes a fetch to the woman and a matter of great envy to her neighbors.

To be "exclusive" is to miss the best of life, to bar out knowledge, to live in a hencoop.

Your true democratic eye takes in the full sweep of the horizon. It is not fixed on a knothole in the wall.

Only the "exclusive" woman profits. How very, very tired she must get of the same old bores in the same creaking social set, even though that set holds nothing but De Pesters and diamonds!

When you visit the social dictator at Smith's Crossroads you quickly learn to place the residue by the vanity of your hostess's smile or the stony coldness of her stare.

It is the same old pretense that the city keeps up transplanted to the cruder environment of the village.

There may be many more interesting people outside the exclusive woman's door than inside, but she will lose touch if she admits them, so she ignores their presence.

It would require courage to invite to our homes such people as we really like or who need our friendship and thrust out the Inane, the vapid and no account wouldn't it?

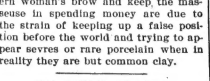
If I find Mrs. O'Brien, the washwoman, more interesting, as she certainly is, than Mrs. de Gasoline, why shouldn't I have her at my party of reception?

Half the wrinkles that line the modern woman's brow and keep the masses from spending money are due to the strain of keeping up a false position before the world and trying to appear secure or rare porcelain when in reality they are but common clay.

MY LINEN CLOSET.

A Housewife's Clever Invention. For Keeping Her Table Linen.

My linen chest, says a housewife in Wood Housekeeping, is of solid wood that is four feet square and thirty inches wide. It is divided across the center into two compartments, each with a drop door thirty-nine inches



wide and twelve inches deep. These doors are supported by hinges and form a good resting place for the linen while being selected. Each compartment is again divided by a sliding shelf which has a deep groove on the underside, five inches from either end. These are made wide enough for the insertion of four drawers, and it is easy to draw the shelf out and thus show exactly what it holds. The upper door has a spring latch and the lower one a lock and key. In the latter the finer articles are put away with no fear of their being handled. This chest can be made perfectly plain or as an ornamental as one may wish. In this case the prevailing style of woodwork in the dining room was followed. The dat top makes a good serving table.

Unbleached Muslin.

The possibilities of unbleached muslin are not appreciated. This cheap material is of a mellow, creamy tone which lends itself peculiarly to artistic decoration. For summer cottage hangings and for the interior of the house, the unevenness of weave suggesting certain silken fabrics. A pretty bed room in a summer cottage had the walls papered with delicate pink and yellow roses upon a creamy ground, while all the hangings—the window curtains, the door curtains, the bedspread, the couch and chair covers and cushions—were all of unbleached muslin finished with bands of cretonne to match the wall paper. The room was charming.

Tea Cozies.

The "old maid" tea cozies are at the quaint little affair seen in an art shop in a big city. They are built upon the wire frames which resemble ship shape frames and are bought for hat racks.

Upon one of these is mounted the quaint little terra cotta head, with hair drawn into a bun and a small knot and with features kindly, but unmistakably of the splinter type.

The wire frame, which simulates a hoop skirt, is first padded; then piled with layers of befluffed organdie. It is a clever novelty and has figured with the "old maid" as the consolation prize at bridge parties.

The Bride's Disaster.

He found her lying unconscious in the kitchen. But she opened her eyes feebly for a moment.

"The cake for me, George?" she gasped, and with that she swooned again.

A Doubt.

Madam (to the housemaid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how naughty the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?

His Fair Proposition.

"Are you able to support my daughter?" asked the old gentleman. "You know she has pretty expensive tastes, and she is a very nice girl. The wedding has been pretty hard for me times."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the prospective bridegroom. "If I marry her we can divide the expense."

Two Headed Bird.

An epidemic of two headed birds appears to have broken out. One finds them in the showrooms of the leading lunarians in the modistic world, and among the gorgeous models displayed in the wonderful salons of the milliners there are hats with long tulle and sugar loaf crowns, which are supplemented with gorgeous birds whose twin heads surmount a body and wings composed of composite feathers in a variety of lovely glistening tinting—into the other, from permanent green to dark midnight blue, and terminating in a long tail dired in soft shades of buff and blue, which is more reminiscent of the bird of paradise than any other variety. This bird is allied to a close pair of drake's neck green tulle, each fold of tulle alternating with the narrowest fold of velvet.

TOLD BY HIS HAT.

The Way a Traveler Picked out an Englishman.

"See that man?" the lately returned traveler remarked to a friend, indicating an individual of a little ahead of them. "Well, I never saw him before, but I'll say a good sized bit that he's an Englishman and, moreover, a Londoner."

"How do you tell?" the friend asked.

"By the way he wears his hat," was the reply. "Notice how it is jammed down on the head? Englishmen, especially Londoners, put on their hats for keeps. No chance is taken of being separated from a bowler. That's what the derby is called over there. And it's the same way with a top hat or a straw or a cap, for that matter."

"The American wears his hat lightly in comparison, and so do the people of southern continental Europe. The French, for example, have a penchant for hats that seem a bit too small for them. At any rate, their headgear does not look a little as a rule, and the nearer it is to his ears the safer he feels."

Just then the man ahead drew a pair of eyes from his pocket. It was the London Times.

"There, what did I tell you?" was the returned traveler's comment.

EDUCATED BEARDS.

Whiskers in Paris Reach the Pinnacle of Cultivation.

It is in Paris that the whisker reaches its highest state of civilization and development. The intricate verdure on the faces of some of the Parisians who strut along the boulevard every day can be compared to nothing but the lot of vegetation in the tropics. Every Parisian has whiskers—much whiskers if he can, but some whiskers at any rate. He supplements his efforts with the services of the barber and trains and nurses his minute attentions with anxious care.

The Parisians spend hours on their beards and educate them into formal gardens, set pieces, shrubbery, terrace and vista effects. They lay out hair-care with the same care that the gardener spends on his roses.

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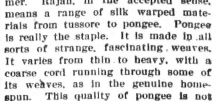
IN FASHION'S REALM.

Rajah the Accepted Material For Summer Tailor Mades.

THREE PIECE SUIT POPULAR.

It is Best to Have the Tailored Suit Made by a Good Tailor and Fashion the Jumper Oneself at Home—The Tailored Hat.

Rajah is the accepted material for the fashionable tailor made gown of summer. Rajah, in the accepted sense, means a range of silk warped materials from tussore to pongee. Pongee is really the staple. It is made to all sorts of straits, fascinating weaves, it varies from thin to heavy, with a coarse cord running through some of its weaves, as in the genuine hongsun. This quality of pongee is not



A SMART TAILORED HAT. cheap. It is worth its price. The material is about the most stylish one can buy for a tailor made, and it will stand an infinite number of cleanings and washings. The best quality of pongee is only about twenty-eight inches wide, and this quality may be bought now for \$1.19 a yard. It requires fifteen yards for a full skirted suit. The best quality of satin finished tulle should be used to line the jacket. It does not pay to attempt to economize on the material for one's tailor made. This is the gown one wears more than any other. It is the essential thing, no matter what else one may get. Then the whole matter of a well made tailor made is the cloth and the cut. Heavy linings, crash and hongsons will also be worn in plain custom made suits. The real tailors will scarcely ever listen to any suggestions for fancy or elaborated tailor suits. They leave that to the realm of ready made. The well made tailor suit should be cut just right, correct in line and absolutely perfect in tailoring, not moderate in style, so that it lasts more than a season.

Three piece suits are much worn. These are seen in ready made and in plain custom made. The best quality of pongee is only about twenty-eight inches wide, and this quality may be bought now for \$1.19 a yard. It requires fifteen yards for a full skirted suit. The best quality of satin finished tulle should be used to line the jacket. It does not pay to attempt to economize on the material for one's tailor made. This is the gown one wears more than any other. It is the essential thing, no matter what else one may get. Then the whole matter of a well made tailor made is the cloth and the cut. Heavy linings, crash and hongsons will also be worn in plain custom made suits. The real tailors will scarcely ever listen to any suggestions for fancy or elaborated tailor suits. They leave that to the realm of ready made. The well made tailor suit should be cut just right, correct in line and absolutely perfect in tailoring, not moderate in style, so that it lasts more than a season.

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To Our Patrons and Friends

Call and see us in our

LARGE, EXTENDED SHOWROOM

We have just opened up a Carload of FURNITURE, including Kitchen Cabinets and a nice assortment of Upholstered Fancy Rockers and Leather Goods. Call in and get prices. If you do not want to buy now, you will later.

Taber Furniture Co.

Established since the flood
and up-to-date ever since

Depew & Veale

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

P.O. Box 262 - Taber, Alberta

TABER LANDS FOR SALE

Known as the C.Y. Ranch Lands

I will sell any of the following quarter or half-sections as stated below for the price of \$12.50 per acre; \$4.50 an acre cash, \$1.50 per acre say January, 1909, and \$1.00 per acre each year thereafter until paid for, with interest at 6% per annum.

	Section	Township	Range	West
West 1/4	19	11	17	4
West 1/4	20	11	17	4
North East 1/4	19	11	17	4
North East 1/4	20	11	17	4
South East 1/4	20	11	17	4
South West 1/4	21	11	17	4
South West 1/4	21	11	17	4
North East 1/4	21	11	17	4
South East 1/4	19	11	17	4
South East 1/4	21	11	17	4
North West 1/4	16	11	17	4
East 1/4	18	11	17	4
North East 1/4	16	11	17	4
South West 1/4	16	11	17	4
West 1/4	30	11	17	4
East 1/4	30	11	17	4
South East 1/4	7	11	17	4
South West 1/4	7	11	17	4
North East 1/4	5	11	17	4
North East 1/4	22	11	17	4
South West 1/4	22	11	17	4
North East 1/4	7	11	17	4
North West 1/4	7	11	17	4
North 1/2	10	11	17	4

J. J. WHITE,

38, Northumberland Street,
GUELPH, ONT.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription \$1.50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908

Notes and Comments

Has the water question died a natural death?

How nice it would be to have a few shade trees around town these hot days! But it is hard to have trees without water. Better get a move on and get the water. Other things will follow.

There is a rumor in circulation at Ottawa that Premier Scott, whose health is well known to be indifferent, will be the next lieutenant-governor of Saskatchewan whether he wins or loses the present election.

Is it not a "pennywise and pound foolish" policy not to have some waterworks system, if only for fire protection, in Taber? There is too much money invested in buildings and stocks to be without fire protection much longer.

On our Dominion the dawn of a day has broken with the promise of such prosperity as has fallen to the lot of few peoples at this early hour of their national existence. Multitudes entering into the new lands are astir; we hear the hum of industries; our youthful nation is awake with confidence and healthy-minded vigor.

—Principal Falconer.

Every day sees farmers taking home new binders and other harvesting machinery. This looks like business.

Talk hard times and you will have hard times. Boost your town and you will help business and help yourself every time.

Business is improving daily and there is a marked improvement in all lines of trade. Work is becoming more plentiful as a result.

There is \$586,246 on deposit in Canadian banks, whose owners have made no claims for five years. Still some of these, no doubt, cry hard times.

Taber will receive such a jolt this fall that it will make everybody sit up and think. Just wait till the immense crop is harvested and is being teamed to the elevators! Few people have any conception of the amount of grain in the Taber district this year.

Some doubt is expressed as to the ability of the Canadian railways to handle the grain crop. Coupled with this is the greater doubt of their ability to handle the coal output. If dealers do not get in their supply early there will be some suffering this winter in the East.

There is one thing the people of Taber should be more particular about, and that is the sweeping and throwing of paper on the streets. These papers often accumulate in piles in the corners of fences and buildings, and under the sidewalks. Should a lighted cigar stub be thrown away and fall among these papers the town might get a warning that it would remember. The greatest precaution against fire should be exercised, especially now that everything is so dry.

In a country house there was a chamber in which no one could sleep. Each one who tried saw a ghost and would not go back. The minister came and without saying anything about it they gave him that room.

Four nights he occupied it and made no complaint. When ready to go away they ventured the question: "Did you notice anything in your room where you were sleeping?" "Oh," he said, "it's the ghost ye mean? I saw him the very first night, but I dist asked him for a contribution for our kirk and I saw him no more."

We notice the staff correspondent of the Calgary Daily Herald has been giving a statement of the shipments of last year's grain from Sept. 1, 1907, to June 6, 1908, which he says has been "corrected and verified," thus making it the "first authentic report on Southern Alberta's crop for the year 1907." We notice that the Taber district is reported as having shipped 41,200 bushels, with nothing in store and nothing gristed. This, then, conveys the impression that 41,200 bushels is the total grain production in the Taber district.

We would be slow to think that the Herald has any motive in knocking the Taber district, but there is one thing certain, the report is not true nor does it bear the semblance of truth. We have made enquiries from grain dealers and others who have shipped their own grain, and we believe we are well within the mark when we say the Taber district shipped not less than 50,000 bushels in the time specified. The statement that there is no grain in store is absolutely false. There are to-day hundreds of bushels of 1907 grain in store in the farmers' granaries.

We realize that in gathering data of the grain shipments grain in store, grain gristed and the total amount of grain grown there are many obstacles in the way, and this fact makes it all the more necessary that the greatest care should be exercised, otherwise the report amounts to nothing but fiction and a district knocked and misrepresented as the Taber district has been.

Accident at Canada West

Rock Fell on Jas. Patterson Breaking Both Legs

A bad accident occurred at the Canada West mine Monday forenoon. James Patterson, aged 24, who came out from Scotland some time ago, and another man named Wm. Watson were retrimbering the return airway north of the third west entry. A large rock became loosened from the roof and fell, striking Patterson. As it was coming down it scraped past his head and he did his best to escape. The rock caught him, breaking his right thigh and his left leg in two places between the knee and ankle, more or less splintering the bone. Dr. Lang was in immediate attendance and dressed the wounds. He was taken to Mr. Walter Miller's, where he boarded, and on Wednesday night he went to the Galt Hospital, Lethbridge. It is to be hoped that he may soon recover and be none the worse for his hard experience. Mr. Watson was not hurt.

David Burbank Dead

The announcement yesterday afternoon that Mr. David Burbank was dead came as a shock to all, as it was thought he was getting along nicely and would soon be himself again. A little over a month ago he returned from the shearing camp and was taken ill with typhoid fever. He was doing as well as could be expected when pneumonia set in with it. For a few days he was very low, but he seemed to rally and it was thought the danger was about over, when he had a hemorrhage, after which he sank very rapidly until the end came on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Burbank was a quiet, industrious man and will be greatly missed by all. He was 30 years of age and leaves a sorrowing wife and two small children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father.

The funeral will take place Friday afternoon at the Taber Cemetery.

Light Frost Did No Damage

Macleod, Alta., Aug. 3rd.—A light frost was pretty general in this district late last week. According to reports, now coming in wheat has not suffered, fall wheat being too far advanced, while spring wheat was not far enough advanced to be hurt. Tender garden stuff in parts got badly scorched, while adjoining gardens were not touched at all.

For Those Who Fail

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of
fame;

I sing for the disappointed—
For those who missed their aim.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way;
I sing, with a heart overflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner,
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Price of Beef

"Why should beefsteak be so dear?" is a question the modern housewife seldom has answered to her satisfaction. It is a question she will probably ask more anxiously as years roll by, for, notwithstanding popular fulminations against the "beef trust," the "packers' combine" and the "butchers' union," the root causes of the advancing prices of steak are much less affected by "combinations in restraint of trade" than sensation-mongers would lead us to believe. Without attempting a precise analysis of all the factors, let us enumerate a few:

1. Increase in cost of production.
2. Increase in cost of retailing.
3. Fashion, convenience, use of gas for cooking, lack of culinary skill and lack of knowledge of relative food values.
4. Cheap money.

In discussing these points we shall begin with the last mentioned. It is pretty generally acknowledged that money is cheaper than it used to be. A dollar bill will purchase less general produce or merchandise of most kinds than it would twelve years ago. This is another way of stating that prices of goods have advanced or that the cost of living has increased. The wage-earner or salaried man receives more coin or bank notes for his services, but in turn he pays out more for the necessities of life. If thriftily disposed he has a larger margin on which to save; otherwise his seeming high wages are, to no small extent, a delusion. He gets more cents an hour for his labor, but pays more a quart for his milk and more a pound for his meat.

Fashion, convenience and the use of gas (which stops burning the instant it is turned off) lead many persons in summer to prefer quickly-cooked steaks to boiling pieces and roasts. Insofar as it saves fuel this is economy, and insofar as it secures comfort at the expense of economy it may still be justifiable for those who can afford it; but there are many persons calling habitually for steak who would be much better off with the more wholesome and cheaper boils or stews. One trouble is that many women marry without a proper culinary education. As a butcher expressed it: "Factory girls come in who can't cook anything but steak. It's steak, steak, steak, till you are ashamed to look a steak in the face. If bullocks were all steak we'd be in clover." In the winter more hollings pieces are sold, but even then the greatest call is for steaks and roasts. So the butcher puts up the figure on these cuts. Following are some representative prices in Winnipeg butcher stalls: Sirloin and porterhouse steaks, 22 cents a pound; round, 18 cents; rib roast, 18 cents; cheaper roasts, 15 cents; brisket, 10 to 12 cents; flank, 8 to 10 cents. As the butcher has to buy the whole steer and can obtain only a small price for the portions least in request the increased items of expense fall chiefly on a limited proportion of the carcass, hence the 18-cent steak, which in some places is 20 cents or more. One of the best solutions of the meat problem is commonsense conjoined to domestic science, which will lead to a more general utilization of the cheaper but more wholesome and quite nutritious boils and stews.

Cost of retailing is a large item, which has increased considerably of late years owing to advance in rent and wages, especially the latter. A local butcher estimated that the wages of shophands were probably from thirty to thirty-five per cent. higher than twelve years ago, while boys for delivery purposes, who could formerly be hired as four dollars per week, now demand seven, and some of the more fashionable stands pay nine or ten. Horses and horse-feed are also dearer. In fact, the dealer referred to stated that his stand employed three delivery wagons, the weekly cost of which for

wages, horse-feed, shoeing and wear-and-tear would average twelve dollars a week—thirty-six dollars a week for delivery alone! This multiplies out to \$1,872 per annum. The expense of delivering goods is enormous. A housewife comes in, gives an order, or telephones for a pound of steak, which probably has to be delivered in an out-of-the-way case. Sometimes the cost of delivering amounts to half the purchase price. However, it is all in the business. She is charged nothing extra for the service, but the aggregate cost is assessed on the consumer in the general scale of prices. A farmer who stops at the counter to take home a roast pays for the delivery of fifteen cents' worth of steak to a city purchaser, who might as well have taken home his own but for a snobbish disinclination to be seen carrying a parcel. The ends of economies would be served by a discrimination in price in favor of those who carry home their own meat.

Increase in cost of production results from the rising value of land and the less suitable class of cattle we now have with which to produce the beef. Especially in the neighborhood of cities land is constantly increasing in value because it is more than ever in demand for dairy, market-gardening, orcharding and other phases of agricultural activity adapted to produce larger returns per acre than accrue from the grazing of cattle. Thus, while the growing use of ensilage and the employment of labor-saving machinery tend to keep down the cost of production, increased land rentals or increased charges, combined with increased cost of labor, tend to put it up. As regards the class of cattle there is this to be said, that while economy results from the marketing of heaves at an earlier age than formerly, on the other hand the cows which formerly earned their keep in the dairy and produced the calves, as by-products are becoming increasingly scarce as the great old dual-purpose has declined in average milk quality. When a man has to keep a cow a year to produce but a paltry flow of milk in addition to her calf the business of beef-raising becomes more expensive and less attractive. Then, too, of late cattle values have been exceptionally enhanced by the conditions of good pasture and rosy crop prospects, following a winter of feed scarcity during which herds were abnormally depleted, and the man who managed to keep his stock through the winter for a June market has reaped the reward of foresight and good management. Cattle values have recently weakened again, but it is out of the question to expect a large supply of good beef to be produced cheaply under Eastern conditions without the dissemination of a strain of deeper-milking dual-purpose cows. Aside from this factor, however, there seems every prospect of the spread between the buying price of cattle and the retail price of steaks being still further widened before any narrowing is accomplished, if indeed that is ever to occur.

Farmer's Advocate.

Hail at Rosthern

Rosthern, Sask. (special).—The first hailstorm for ten years occurred last week. The storm was severe, extending over a large area, destroying a large quantity of standing grain. In a few cases farmers lost everything. One man, J. B. Jensen, had the windows of his house and barn smashed. Hailstones were large and fell thickly. The storm was in the country south and southeast of Rosthern.

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand with a card bearing this inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I will be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."



DON'T TRAMP ALL OVER,
but follow the sign that leads to this
yard. It is the best place we know
of to buy lumber for a fence, hen-
coop, barn or house.

SEASONED LUMBER,
kiln-dried, the best to be had and at
lowest prices is what we offer mer-
chant, farmer or banker. Get lum-
ber here and your buildings will
stand the ravishes of time, and will
be the kind you can point to and be
proud of.

Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.

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LOCAL MANAGER

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For Acre Building Lots and a
limited amount of Farm Land on the
near the Canada West Coal Co.'s
Mine, Taber.

SEE
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Fresh, clean stock of
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Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and
fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

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Call on us when in need of
Doors, Windows and Sashes
and all kinds of Mill Work.
Mail orders will have our
prompt attention

The Medicine Hat Lumber
& Manufacturing Co.
Medicine Hat

A Question Of Spex

Do your eyes tire easily?
Do your eyes burn?
Does the type become blurred in reading?
Do you suffer from frontal headaches?
If So, YOU NEED GLASSES.
Our Optical Parlors are well equipped for your needs.

Westlake's
JEWELLRY AND STATIONERY Store

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908

LOCALS

Out your weeds now.
See that your neighbour cuts his.
The Galt mines at Lethbridge are working full time.
There will be a tumbling over one another for miners very soon.
H. Sickles has removed to Grassy Lake, where he will open a barber shop.
Try a dish of our ice cream. It is made from pure cream. — Taber Bakery. 18-4f
Nearly every day sees from fifteen to twenty carloads of cattle pass Taber eastward.
Rev. D. Jones left Monday morning for Calgary to attend a meeting of the synod of the English Church.
Wm. Valgardson left for Utah Monday on a business visit connected with the selling of his father's property.
The Taber baseball team did not go to Lethbridge Wednesday for the final game in the league series as some of the players were away.

Saturday was the hottest day this season. The thermometer stood 98 degrees in the shade. There was a nice breeze, but that made no difference.

J. J. Walton, who has been visiting his mother at Salt Lake City, Utah, returned home Friday morning. He reports having had a pleasant trip.

Messrs Duggan & Huntrods have again started their mine and are shipping coal, having, we understand, received a large order and numerous smaller ones.

H. Wenig and T. Bunge left Wednesday to spend the winter at their old homes in Iowa. They will return in the spring to continue breaking on their farms a few miles south of the town.

More men were wanted on the construction gang of the telephone line and the manager could not secure one in Taber. Everybody must be busy. He had to go to Lethbridge to get ten men.

Weed Inspector J. F. Johnson has been hunting for the past few weeks. He is making it his business to see that the weeds are cut. "Every man in his own interest should look after his own weeds without being told. Neglect the weeds and you cannot do more to ruin your country."

LOST.—One brown mare branded B.O. on left thigh; one roan mare branded B.O. on left thigh; one iron grey horse branded B.O. on left thigh; one brown or black horse branded B.O. on left thigh; one bay mare branded B.O. on left thigh. Finder will be suitably rewarded on returning same to Joseph Garrick, Taber, Alberta. 18-84

Mr. Cotter of Fort Vermillion arrived down Wednesday morning and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wallace and his sister, Miss Cotter. Mr. Cotter has been in the Peace River country for several years and he describes it as one of the finest countries he ever saw. Settlers are coming in rapidly and the land is being quickly taken up. At present the trip is not the most pleasant as it takes six days from Lesser Slave to Edmonton, travelling by boat and stage. The trip is an ideal one for the pleasure seeker. The whole means of transportation and travel will soon be changed, as it will not be long before a railroad will be pushed through to that fertile region.

P. Egan was a Lethbridge visitor to town Thursday.
Mr. Olson was a business visitor to Lethbridge Tuesday.
E. C. Hutchinson was a High River visitor to town Thursday.
Inspector C. A. West, R.N.W.M.P., of Lethbridge, was in town Friday.
Miss Harvey of Plymouth, England, arrived here Thursday morning last.
R. S. Standerwick of Medicine Hat spent Sunday here visiting friends.
Mr. G. R. Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Bellwood were at Lethbridge Tuesday.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. McFadden was brightened by the arrival of a little boy.

S. Ervine, R. H. Anderson, A. Beck and W. W. Douglas left for Fernie Monday night.

John Lee of Raymond was the guest last week of his daughter, Mrs. Willis Johnson, at Minot.

Dr. W. H. Lang, W. W. Douglas and E. P. Miller returned Friday from holidaying at Elko, B.C.

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins went to Fernie Monday night to see the remains of the unfortunate town.

The Canada West Coal Co.'s mine, Duggan & Huntrods' mine and Bullock's mine are now working steadily.

E. R. Wildman left Friday morning for Fernie. He reached there just in time to help the sufferers of the fire.

FOUND.—Pocket-book containing filing papers, pictures and letters. Owner may get same from James Pierson.

Miss Queenie Foote of Little Current, Ont., spent a few days this week visiting her cousin, Mr. Nelson, at Lethbridge.

Thos. Hackett visited his father's ranch above Cardston. He returned Sunday bringing with him another fine team of horses.

There is a feeling of confidence coming over the people since the mines have started and business is improving in all lines.

C. D. Ashbrook of Chatcalet, Idaho, was in town Tuesday. We understand he is purchasing a tract of land in this vicinity.

Geo. C. Millar returned home Friday from a pleasant holiday at Banff. Mrs. Millar and Mrs. Stephenson will remain a few weeks longer.

Lafayette Cardwell has purchased Elmer Johnson's fine homestead adjoining the Johnson addition and will build a residence on it in the near future.

There will be no service in St. Theodore Church next Sunday on account of the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. Jones, who is attending a meeting of the synod at Calgary.

Neat, clean streets are a good advertisement for any town. How do you like the looks of a town whose streets are covered with weeds? Make Taber the neatest and cleanest town in Alberta.

R. J. Fleming, J. A. Bergstrom and C. Hanson of Grafton, N.D., are spending this week in town. The two latter gentlemen are looking over Mr. Fleming's lands in this district with a view to purchasing.

F. J. Brophy was up from Bow Island Friday visiting friends. Mr. Brophy has a fine homestead right close to Bow Island Station. He tells us that a large number of settlers have come in this summer.

Next Tuesday Mr. I. B. Roberts commences to thrash Alberta Red Fall Wheat on section 16, a mile and a half south of Woodpecker. Those wishing to obtain clean seed can obtain same at 90c per bushel.

The home of Mr. O. Hefly was the scene of a happy gathering on Monday evening, it being a farewell party to Messrs. H. Wenig and T. Bunge prior to their departure for their home in Iowa. A most pleasant evening was spent in songs, music, games, etc. Messrs. Wenig and Bunge will spend the winter at their homes in Iowa. In the spring they will return to their beautiful farms south of the town.

John Ell of Grassy Lake was in town Monday.

Mr. Suggitt of Coaldale is in town to-day on business.

Jas. Ervine, brother of S. Ervine, arrived down from Fernie Tuesday morning.

Saturday was the hottest day this season, the thermometer registering 98 degrees.

Mrs. (Dr.) Lang and Miss Howard returned yesterday from holidaying at Elko, B.C.

Alex. Beck of Taber is one of the heavy losers in the Fernie fire. His loss will be about \$6,000 over and above all insurance. W. H. Baldrey, who had just moved to Fernie, loses all his household goods.

The Taber Furniture Co. have made some extensive changes to their store of late. They have connected up their back warehouse, and now the store is about 115 feet long and is filled with a fine selection of furniture.

Robert Henderson and another young man were out riding Sunday. The horse the young man was riding reared, striking Henderson's leg with his foot and breaking the bone and causing him to be laid up for some time.

It is estimated that 10,000 acres of sod have been broken this season in the Taber district. This means that there will be 10,000 acres more land under crop next year than this. With farming increasing at this rate and the mines turning out coal is it any wonder that Taber continues to grow?

The Taber district leads for early threshing. Mr. I. B. Roberts has as pretty a hundred acres of Alberta Red wheat as a person would wish to see. He has it all cut and in the stook. Next Tuesday he starts threshing, which is pretty early. There are few places that fall wheat can be harvested and threshed by the second week in August.

What About a Coal Supply?

A Judicious Warning

Frank Sherman, president of the miners' union, in an interview recently (says the Calgary Herald) gave warning of a coal famine next winter.

No doubt many heard the remark with a smile, thinking that the energetic leader of the mine-workers was only trying to get some more of his fellow-workers employment.

The great bulk of the bituminous coal used in Calgary comes from the Galt mines.

The Lethbridge Herald, published in the soft coal region, says: "None of the mines are producing more than is required by the railroads and industrial concerns."

This information, coming soon after the expression by the president, makes the remarks of Mr. Sherman worthy of more consideration than is usually awarded the remarks of a prophet in his own country.

If for any reason the coal companies are neglecting to prepare the fuel necessary for the country's needs, it is a matter for most serious condemnation. It may even be a preliminary to disaster. If a storm should block the lines running from Alberta to the two eastern provinces, and dealers were not stocked with a fuel supply, the conditions would indeed be alarming. Then there is the possibility of labor trouble.

Individually there is but one way to guard against the trouble next winter.

Those who have the foresight—and the price—will lay in a stock before the cold weather comes.

BORN

SPARKS—At Taber on Sunday, Aug. 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, a daughter.

News in Brief

The World's News Boiled Down for Busy Readers

When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

Mrs. Ackerman of Kenora, Ont., who was assaulted by a boarder, is dead.

Our next Thanksgiving Day is likely to be on Monday instead of Thursday.

Cedio, who dynamited an hotel in British Columbia, was hanged at Kamloops.

The Minnesota editors were delighted with their trip through the Canadian West.

The scourge of mosquitoes in Texas has been so bad that cattle on the ranges are dying.

Lord Roberts will be in Winnipeg on August 10th and he will be given a rousing reception.

The Chinese Government will give an elaborate reception to the American battleship fleet in October.

A Saskatchewan farmer found an old Indian stone hammer the other day, evidently a relic of very long ago.

The Prince of Wales boarded the Indomitable at Quebec and sailed for England. Before leaving he donated Wolfe's chair to Canada.

Arthur Standhope Farwell of Nelson, B.C., one of the oldest and best known residents of the province was found dead in his bed last week.

Canada's Asiatic problem was discussed in the British House of Commons and the attitude of the Dominion Government commended.

Nearly 150,000,000 feet of lumber was destroyed by forest fires in the spruce and pine limits along Lake Nipissing and the Montreal River.

Chief of Police Kimball of Leamington, Ont., shot and killed a man named Healey at Tilbury. Healey was charged with obtaining money under false pretences.

By the Way

Drinking is a habit that grows. There may be no particular harm for a man to indulge in an occasional smile, but he should not allow it to develop into a perpetual grin.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture or to carve a statue, and so make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.—Henry David Thoreau.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?" "Salt," said Johnny. "Next," said the teacher; "what is it makes the water of the sea so salty?" "The salty quality of seawater," answered "Next," "is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste." "Right," "Next," said the teacher; "go up one!"

FERNIE WIPED OUT

Awful Hurricane Carried Flames at a Terrific Speed .. Possibly 100 People Burned to Death .. Only a Few Houses Left

One of the most terrible fires that could be imagined visited Fernie on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 1. A bush fire had been raging in the vicinity of Fernie, Hosmer and Cranbrook for several days, and the high winds of Saturday afternoon which had been blowing continuously through the Pass swept the flames into Fernie, and in less time than it takes to tell it practically the entire town was in flames, and all that remains of the thriving city of Fernie is a few deserted houses and the blackened ruins. The extent of the disaster is awful to contemplate, for never has a more horrible catastrophe swept over any promising community.

The loss to the town cannot be less than \$5,000,000. Probably the heaviest loss falls upon the C.P.R. as they lost their coal tipple, coal bunkers, depot, freight sheds, water tower and over one hundred cars. The scene Saturday night was terrible. The mountains on every side were a mass of flames and the town itself was illuminated by the smouldering ruins. Hundreds of homeless people slept in the open without any covering beyond the scanty garments they happened to have on or secured when they rushed from their houses. As many as could climbed into box cars, flat cars, etc., and were taken to Cranbrook, Michel and other points. Many were unable to escape the flames and the death list is expected to reach at least a hundred. Mayor Tuttle did all he could to relieve the sufferings, and his appeal to other cities and towns for help met with a ready response both in money and provisions. The committee, headed by the Mayor, worked

incessantly to see that all were provided for as far as possible, and they did their work nobly and well.

Early Monday morning Mayor Douglas was out and called a hurried meeting of the council to see what could be done in the way of sending some relief to the sufferers in the terrible conflagration at Fernie. Only a few minutes were required when the Mayor was instructed to wire.

THE MESSAGE SENT.
Mayor Tuttle,
Fernie, B.C.
Taber extends heartfelt sympathy to Fernie sufferers. Draw on us for \$500.00.

W. W. DOUGLAS,
Mayor.

MAYOR TUTTLE'S REPLY.
W. W. Douglas, Mayor,
Taber, Alta.

Your kind sympathies and generous donation greatly appreciated.
W. W. TUTTLE,
Mayor.

COME AND SEE OUR NEW LINE OF Men's and Boy's Summer Suits

FOR DOMINION DAY

\$15.00 SUITS for Only \$7.75
\$5.00 Boys' Suits from \$3.75

We have Bargains to offer in all kinds of Dry Goods
Our Groceries are Fresh and Clean.

The Blue Front Trading Co., LIMITED

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JOB PRINTING

POSTERS ENVELOPES
REPORTS INVITATIONS
SALE BILLS MENUS

In fact, all kinds of Printing

From a Visiting Card to a Poster

WE CAN SATISFY YOU PRICES ARE RIGHT

Free Press Office

Angel's Fad.

By ANNA MUNSON.

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Michael Angelo Moultrie was his name, and the diminutive of "Angel," bestowed upon him by a doting mother, was well applied. At least this was the opinion of other tenants in the big Burlington apartment house.

Angel was eight years old, but he scarcely looked six, with his long golden curls and ethereal beauty. In his velvet curls he suggested some child of the Little Lord Fauntleroy period held over into an age of Buster Brown.

Mrs. Moultrie was possessed of a theory that as the child is named so the taxes incline and she had set her heart upon his being a painting day. Angel's spicily water colors were carefully preserved in a huge portfolio against the day when he should become the priceless mementos of a world famous painter's youth.

The only child of a widowed mother, Angel was about the only boy in the city who could not be sent to school, but his serene countenance and his big, innocent eyes had enabled him to successfully get out of complicity in many juvenile crimes. Though the small boys of the block invariably explained that Angel was the instigator of all the mischief, even the good mothers believed them to be in a conspiracy to destroy the fair fame of the model child.

Angel was quick to perceive his popularity, and with unerring instinct he found his way to those apartments where candy and cake were to be had. He seemed to know when callers with offerings of candy had visited the different young women, and his own calls were scheduled for the following day.

His one exception was Nannie Dimmick. Nannie seldom entertained calls, and the sort Angel most approved. No five pound boxes of sweets lay upon her table, and no great masses of flowers scented the room, yet Angel liked best of all to visit at the Dimmicks' apartment, for there was a certain tenderness in Nannie Dimmick's manner of which Angel approved most highly.

"She always looks like she's going to cry," he had told his mother in an endeavor to discuss the girl's peculiar charm. "She looks like she's going to cry; but she doesn't. She just looks you tight in her arms, and you feel glad and sorry all at once."

Clearly this blending of emotions appeared to Angel, for he was a regular visitor to the Dimmicks' apartment, and the girl found odd comfort in his practice.

Nannie sorely needed comfort, for the look of sadness in her eyes deepened as at the weeks passed, and she came from Arthur Ryder. When he had come to her with his face aflame with happiness to tell her that he had found his chance at last, she had decided to send him on a tour of the African and Asiatic countries to introduce their wares. It had seemed that fate, with kindly hands, had swept barriers from their path.

"It will be the making of me," Arthur had explained. "I start at Cape Town and work my way across to Africa, then cross to Asia and so to China. It will take about eighteen months, but if I make a success I shall be taken into the firm and we can be married, dear."

Mrs. Dimmick had refused to listen to an engagement. Time enough for that when Arthur came, she had told them. An engagement of a year and a half would be worse than useless.

It would deprive Nannie of many pleasures, and no formal engagement was really necessary. If they both were of the same mind, she thought, should return there would be no opposition to a short engagement and an early marriage.

And so Arthur had gone on his long journey with gladness in his heart, for Nannie had assured him that it did not need the formality of ring and announcement to ratify the promptings of her heart.

First had come glowing letters from London and from Cape Town, letters that breathed of hope and love, then blank silence. For more than a year not a letter in the familiar handwriting had been received, though an inquiry at the office of the firm elicited the information that Mr. Ryder was not only alive, but exceedingly well, according to his reports to the home office.

Mrs. Dimmick had stormed at what she had termed his discourtesy, but Nannie would not listen to her mother's urgings that she go into society and forget the affront.

In spite of everything she still loved Ryder, though perhaps she could not confess that fact even to herself, and she had no heart for the bustle and stir of social events. She preferred to sit at home and tell Angel the fairy stories in which he delighted.

She was telling for the hundredth time one of his favorite tales when Mrs. Dimmick came into the room with an envelope.

"A cablegram for you," she announced coldly. With trembling hands Nannie opened the blue and white envelope and drew out the slip. Her expression changed, as she read.

"It is from Arthur," she said quietly. "He is sailing from Japan."

"Mech good may it do him," was the unresponsive reply. "This is a nice time to hear from him. It's more than a year since he stopped writing. I suppose that you will let him stay now."

some dimmy excuse and be as crazy about him as ever."

"It will take a very excellent excuse to explain his long absence," said Nannie dully. "Unless he has some legitimate reason to offer I shall refuse to see him."

Gently she put Angel from her lap and slipped out to her room. Angel munched the last of the little cakes brought in for his refreshment and took his departure.

Some weeks later Angel, playing about the lobby, observed a stranger enter and draw near to the telephone desk to learn his destination. Angel was interested in young and good looking strangers as a possible increase in the number of purveyors of candy.

His face took on an expression of surprise as the operator returned an answer that Miss Dimmick was not at home.

"She was there a little while ago," insisted Angel, selfishly interested in the stranger's success.

The operator, with an angry glance at him, which caused Angel to subside, and the stranger left the lobby with the air of dejection far different from the spring step with which he had entered.

The next day he came again and asked the operator to connect him with Mr. Ryder. He waited for the answer and read it before he turned to leave. Angel followed him to the street.

"I say," he began, "are you the fellow Miss Nannie used to like?"

"Why?" asked Ryder, parrying question with question.

"Because I know you on you because you didn't write," continued Angel. "Are you the fellow?"

Ryder nodded, and after a moment's hesitation Angel continued:

"On the level, I didn't mean to do nothing, but I took the letters for my collection."

"You are collecting letters?" asked Ryder, hardly comprehending the confession.

"Stamps," explained the Angel. "They were bulky stamps. I didn't suppose Miss Nannie would care. Ma gets lots of letters that she throws into the waste basket, and I took the ones with the funny stamps, I guess that's why she looks like she's always waiting to cry. I didn't think of it that way until I saw whether you made it."

Ryder's face grew black as at last he realized what the boy was saying, but Angel's eyes were again his salvation, and the secret was saved.

"Go up and tell Miss Dimmick what I have told you," commanded Ryder. "Tell her that I wrote every steamer in spite of the fact I received no replies. Tell her that I have been half frantic. Have you the letters that you can show?"

"Burned 'em," explained Angel—"the lot except the stamps. They had no business being in the mail, and on the table where any one could swipe 'em. The elevator boy got most of the letters, and he threw 'em in the post box," he added virtuously as though this were some extenuation of his fault.

Ryder paced the sidewalk while Angel went to make his confession. It was a long quarter hour, but at last Angel, his face white and scared, appeared on the scene.

"I fixed it for you," he announced, "but Mrs. Dimmick heard what I said, and I bet I got the licking of my life. And he sat down on the steps while he could sit to ponder on the fatal fascinations of a fad."

The Log Line.

Officers on the coastwise and foreign steamship lines are not limited to their regular duties, but are expected to answer the questions of curious passengers. Sometimes, however, the passengers take the matter into their own hands and instruct others more ignorant than themselves.

The pursuer on a well known liner tells of a lady who had made a passage across the ocean in consequence of a superior knowledge of marine things.

Several ladies were grouped in the stern, this one among them, when their attention was attracted by the log with its long line attached to the rail.

"Why, what can that be?" inquired one of the party.

"That?" said the knowing one. "Well, you see the vessel has to keep in communication with the land, and in order to tell just how far they have got on the passage they keep the line and tied to the dock, and by looking at the amount of line paid out they can tell just how far they are from the other side."

"Oh!" exclaimed the other after this lucid explanation. "Well, I have always heard of the log, but I never knew what one was before. Thank you so much!"—Youth's Companion.

Fourteen Mistakes.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life."—While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly complete one.

HELPLESS WITH SALT RHEUM.

A LADY WAS CURED BY DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Such is the testimony of Mr. Ludger Dugay, Pidgeon Hill, Quebec. This is a common story. Thousands of people have been cured of Itch, Piles, Eczema, or Salt Rheum, etc., by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Salt Rheum is one of the most important of skin diseases. It occurs anywhere, at any time, and on any part of the body. It is usually caused by a rash, even a slight breaking out in some discharging water. Unless something is done to stop this discharge, a cruel, wretched, itching, loathsome disease.

At first application, this ointment stops itching, loosens the congested matter or scab, thoroughly cleanses the sore, and after all that and poison has been taken out, it allows nature to heal the affected part through its agency, pure blood.

The experience which my wife has had here at Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and salt rheum is of very great importance, because for many years she was not able to wear herself with her hands. Since having used Dr. Chase's Ointment she has been entirely cured.

In the most simple as well as the most aggravated skin irritation or eruption, this ointment is found to give highly satisfactory results; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman's, 100, 100, & Co., Toronto.

Canada Is Canadian.

The celebration of the founding of Quebec will be, in effect, an imposing demonstration in honor of the Anglo-French entente cordiale. For a century and a half Canada was French; from the victory of the British flag, now 300 years from the coming of Champlain, Canada is Canadian and all Canadians can join proudly in this truly national festival.—Buffalo Commercial.

They Cleanse While They Cure.

The vegetable compounds of which Parment's is made, cleanse the system, purify the blood, and remove all impurities, mainly dandruff and man-draque, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter, and remove the diseased organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available today.

A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

"When I started in business," said Mr. Dugay, "I was a failure. I resolved never to let an untruth."

"And you kept your word?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Dugay, "my delicate business of that sort on hand I hired an expert."—Washington Star.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES MAKE HOMES BRIGHT.

Babies that are well played well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not well played and played well, immediate attention, and in all the world there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles and the other disorders from which babies are liable to suffer.

The mother who uses this medicine has the guarantee of a government analysis and the highest praise. Mrs. J. L. Janelle, St. Sylvre, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colds. Every mother should keep this medicine in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from J. C. Williams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Jack—There goes Mr. Parsons. She used to be a decidedly pert girl. Tom—Isn't she still pert? Jack—Yes, but she's about him as a tame hare, and now she's an expert.—Chicago News.

"Simpkins refused to have his flat papered," reported the agent of the building.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the owner.

"He claims they haven't room enough as it is."—Judge.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

"Johnny, why don't you be a good boy like your brother Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. "Willy here may be President some day, while you will have to dig in the sewer."

"But, mother," wailed Willy, "can't I dig in the sewer sometimes, too?"—Harper's Weekly.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman. "The baby has gained a lot of that dog biscuit."

"Never mind, dear," replied Mrs. Swellman. "It just serves Fido right for he's taken the baby's food many a time. Yes, Fido, naughty!"—Philadelphia Press.

An English Skyscraper.

The first skyscraper in England will be built at Liverpool, where the corporation has authorized the construction of an office building rising to a height of 300 feet above the road level.

The site of the new building, which will be used as the offices of a Liverpool insurance company, is opposite the Prince's landing stage on the bank of the Mersey. The building has been designed by a Liverpool architect, the most efficient fire-resisting material known.

The great height of the new office is shown by a comparison with the following figures of some familiar buildings:

Tower bridge 142 feet
Monument 292 feet
Big Ben tower 319 feet
St. Paul's cathedral 366 feet

HEIR TO THE LEADERSHIP.

Lloyd-George Now the Second Man in the Cabinet—Rapid Advancement.

Mr. Lloyd-George is now the second man in the Liberal party, and therefore, for the time being, in the country. He was, of course, predestined for promotion. Among many successful Ministers he has been the most successful.

In the past two years he has raised from a comparatively minor office to the highest level of prominence and utility. He has averted great industrial conflicts; he has passed some bold and beneficial measures; he has tackled and solved problems, such, for example, as the Port of London problem, that his predecessors found insoluble; he has shown himself to be beyond comparison, the business man of the Cabinet.

The nation that only a few years ago was ready to stone him now realizes that he has possessed in the President of the Board of Trade an asset of first-class value.

Everyone trusts him. His union of a warm nature with a hard head has made him the chosen of his countrymen. He is the Minister of the country. He is the Minister of the country. He is the Minister of the country.

When it is known that he is a question people cease to worry about it. It has come to be almost an article of faith that he is the voice of the world of business that he cannot fail.

Here, however, about Mr. Lloyd-George's opinion is not quite unanimous. The Spectator's measured voice, for example, is not so sure.

That admirable organ is a little nervous about Mr. Lloyd-George. It finds not "orthodoxy" in the casting of a politician, too little of a statesman, too little of a leader, too little of a statesman, too little of a leader, too little of a statesman.

Mr. Lloyd-George is a Welshman. He is as Welsh as O'Connell was Irish. One would have to go back to the days of the great O'Connell to find a leader who has won an equal degree of enthusiasm from Mr. Lloyd-George's countrymen.

On all questions of domestic politics, his voice is the voice of the country. Gallant little Wales has in him a valiant little champion, but a champion who is hostile to the cause of the man who has followed him when he thinks it right.

He did not derive the deeper hate of his countrymen. He is not a man of the past. He is a man of the future. He is a man of the future.

When men think today of the war and of Mr. Lloyd-George's conduct, they think of a man who may have been misguided, wrong-headed, mischievous even, but who has at any rate, the supreme political courage to stake his career on his conscience. The ordeal of those extraordinary days has matured his powers. He has developed into a brilliant Parliamentary leader.

Humor, passion, energy, the quickening mind of the Celt, and a genuine gift for clear, fresh exposition made him at times a brilliant speaker. He has the convictions of his followers when he thinks it right.

The Education Bill of 1902 gave him a new scope for pungent attack. As a Welshman and a Nonconformist he bitterly offended him, and he threw himself upon his wit and vehemence that thrilled his countrymen with something of the fervor of a religious revival.

When the Tariff Reform movement was launched, Mr. Lloyd-George found another opportunity to turn his wit and vehemence to account. He has since then been the most effective and sparkling of all the upholders of Free Trade.

With the legal eye for a weak argument, and the gift for humor and precise speaking, he has a Celtic touch of idealism, zealotry, and imagination that makes him on a public platform one of the most refreshing of speakers.

There is a tremendous air of about him. He is a man who, though he hits with all his might, is utterly destitute of malice or pettiness. To see his frank and engaging smile is to know him for the generous nature he is. His success in managing men in plotting bills through Parliament, in composing disputes, springs partly from the possession of great tact and experience, and partly from an almost instantaneous perception of what is essential as well as of what is possible, but chiefly from the reflex action of his open and winning personality upon those with whom he is dealing.

The Lloyd-George who addresses his own countrymen and the Lloyd-George who speaks at Westminster seem to be the uninitiated Englishman two different persons. In Wales he will let him go with an exuberance that makes the ordinary Englishman mutter something about "the Celtic temperament."

At Westminster, and with equal naturalness, none more sagacious, pertinent, or level-headed than he. But I do not know that contradictions such as these do anybody any harm, and it is probably an impossible relief to himself. Mr. Lloyd-George is able to blow off a little Celtic steam among his beloved Welsh hills.

Simply a Shredded Wheat wafer, containing in the smallest bulk all the nutriment and strength-giving material of the whole wheat.

Appetizing and always ready to serve.

Delicious as a Toast with Butter, Cheese or Fruits.

Sold by All Grocers.

952

'Way Back In '51

people first began to use Eddy's Matches,—and the "Sulphur" was the brand then made

To-Day

half a century and seven years later, people still are using Eddy's, and more than ever.

EDDY'S "TELEGRAPH"

are the surest and most speedy Sulphur Matches manufactured. They are now put up in neat and attractive slide-boxes, holding about 500 matches. Three Boxes to a Package.

Always, Everywhere in Canada, Ask For Eddy's Matches

A BAR FOR SOAP.

What It Did For the Missionaries in Madagascar.

The introduction of Christianity into heathen countries has been more or less closely connected with trade and commerce. The missionaries have often been keenly alive to the advantage of science, but hostile to religious teaching. Such was the case in Madagascar in the middle of the last century, as is told in the pages of Rev. W. E. Cousins' book, "Madagascar of Today."

Queen Ranavalona was beginning to feel uneasy about the growing influence of foreign ideas and wished to get rid of the missionaries. She sent some officers to carry her message. The missionaries were gathered together to meet the queen's messengers and were told that they had been in long time in the country and had taught much, but that it was now time for them to think of returning to their native land.

The missionaries, alarmed at this message, answered that they had only begun to teach some of the elements of the Christian faith, and were not yet ready to leave. They mentioned sundry branches of education, among which were the Greek and Hebrew languages, which had already been partially taught to some.

The messengers returned to the queen and soon came back with this answer: "The queen does not care much for Greek and Hebrew. Can you teach something more useful? Can you, for example, teach how to make soap?"

This was an awkward question to address to theologians, but after a moment's pause Mr. Griffiths turned to the Canon and asked him whether he could answer it.

"Give me a week," said Mr. Canon, and the week was given. At its close the messengers again met the missionaries, and Mr. Canon was able to present to them a bar of tolerably good white soap made entirely from materials found in the country.

This was an eminently satisfactory answer, and the manufacture of soap was forthwith introduced and is still continued to the present day, although no one would now venture to call the soap "white."

As a result of making this bar of soap the mission gained a result of the same kind as the school. The school was of logs, and inside it was as dark as a dark night could make it.

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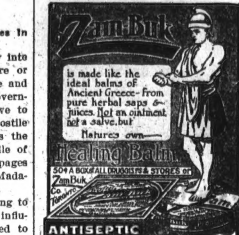
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Gumbetta's Bones.

The Republicans in France, eager to gather all their great grand old into the Pantheon, are urging the government to bring Gumbetta's Bones to the Temple to the fact that this cannot be done without the consent of his mother, the sister whom the government has his executor. The colonel hints that she may refuse on account of the very strong wish expressed by Gumbetta that his body should be buried where it is.

Pills of Attested Value.—Parment's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular daily.

"We must have purity in politics!" exclaimed the speaker, earnestly. "But then we wouldn't have any for the sake of the money, and we wouldn't have any for the sake of the money, and we wouldn't have any for the sake of the money."

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

"Bob Porcupine is about to propose to that heiress."

"Oh yes; he has even made preparations for supporting himself in case she refuses him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Bachelor—I wonder why they call the boys about a hotel "bachelors" do you know?

The Benedict—I suppose it is because you can never find 'em in the places where they should be.—Yonkers Statesman.

"What does he do when he does not howl at the dog?"

"Well, such," replied Brother William, "I'm ingeniously set a trap for the wolf and sell him a circus."—The Atlanta Constitution.

Every year each one of us consumes 15 lbs. of salt—Science says.

—More than a pound a month.

Just as well to have it pure.

Your grocer will tell you there's nothing purer than

Windsor Table Salt

Simply a Shredded Wheat wafer, containing in the smallest bulk all the nutriment and strength-giving material of the whole wheat.

Appetizing and always ready to serve.

Delicious as a Toast with Butter, Cheese or Fruits.

Sold by All Grocers.

952

'Way Back In '51

people first began to use Eddy's Matches,—and the "Sulphur" was the brand then made

To-Day

half a century and seven years later, people still are using Eddy's, and more than ever.

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